Lady Grinning Soul by BakedVixen

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Summary: Nancy Black and Richie Tozier have been friends forever...everyone knows they like each other. But what happens when Pennywise makes Nancy hate Richie, will he be able to save her in time?

1. You Know You're Right

The sun shone brightly into my eyes, as I walked down the street to get to the Barrens. Not that they were actually barren, they just…had the name Barrens. It was somewhat odd.

I was meeting up with a few good friends, Richie Tozier and Bill Denbrough. Eddie Kaspbrak would join us later on, but for now, just me, Bill and Richie…I wish it were just me and Richie, but sometimes, we can never get a moment alone.

But what does it mater, we're just kids. We don't know what love is.

But that's wrong!

I love Richie…more than anything.

2. Nancy Black Takes A Break

"Ms. Black, you've got a phone call." My secretary said, my photo shoot still happening.

"Is it important?" My photographer asked.

"The man sounded like it was urgent. It would be best if she answered this. It'll probably only take a second." Janine, my secretary, continued.

I grabbed my black silk robe and walked to my office. The phone was off the hook and beside it was a pad of paper. Written on it was the name Mike Hanlon…

(mike hanlon…nancy who is that boy? no one, mom, just my friend. well, invite him in…)

I picked up the phone and placed it to my ear.

"Mike?" I asked, memories flooding back to me.

"Nancy, It's come back." I swallowed hard and felt very faint.

"You sure?" I asked, hoping this was just a prank call.

"Sure as ever…you remember our promise, right?" Mike asked, hoping I would.

(*the shard cut my palm, the blood almost soaking through my long sleeved shirt. mom was going to kill me if she saw it. but she never would…)*

"Of course, Mike. I remember. Did you call the others?" I asked, hopeful.
"I just finished getting off the phone with Richie…" He replied.

"Oh…how's Trashmouth?" I questioned, giggling.

"He's fine. Listen, if you can make it down here, it would be great, Nance. But, I understand if you have a tight schedule…"

(*i bet she has a tight pussy…leave her be, bowers! you crazy bastard!)*

"No, no! I'll be down as soon as I can. The first flight I get, I'm heading on and going to Derry. I'll see you, then." I said.
"Thanks, Nancy. I'll see you then. Take care."
"Same to you."

It was back. And I was heading to Derry. That's all that was going through my mind.

I rushed to my photographer, putting back on my regular clothes. Everyone seemed confused.

"I have to go…for some time. I'll be back, I hope." I said and grabbed my modeling clothes.

I rushed to my office, grabbing everything that seemed important. After getting my Converse on my feet, I rushed out to my car.

"NANCY! NANCY WAIT!" I looked over to see my agent, Julian, running after me.

"I have to go back to Derry." I said and he looked at me with an odd look.

"Whatever it is, it can't be as important as your latest photo shoot! Who's going to be on the cover of Vogue magazine now?"

"I don't know, let Cindy Lauper be the model. I need to do this. This is important. I made a promise I can't break."

I backed out into the street and started my way home. As I called the airport, I remembered something…

"Hey, Nance. Got a smoke?" Beverly asked.

(beverly marsh, the girl lives on lower main street…but she's my best friend.)

"No, sorry. Ask Trashmouth." I said, referring to Richie Tozier, the man of a thousand Voices.

"C'mon, Nancy. Don't be angry with him. He didn't mean it." Ben said.

(*ben hanscom, he was slightly overweight, but an amazing builder. he would grow up to be an architect.)*

"Then why was he kissing her? For someone who says they love me, kissing another girl and not meaning it, sure doesn't seem sincere." I pouted, crossing my arms.

"Speak of the devil, Nance." Eddie said, and pointed to Richie, Bill and Stan, who were walking to our clubhouse.

(*stanley uris, jewish boy but an amazing bird watcher. he is the only one who seems to understand me, other than Trashmouth tozier.)*

(bill denbrough, stutterer. he is the leader of our group, and bev loves him)

(richie tozier, has a sharp tongue, which gets him in a lot of trouble. he is the boy i love.)

I rolled my eyes, and got up. Richie looked at me with sorrow in his eyes. I looked away and just started walking away. Who needs him?

That day was when Pennywise took over me. He had control over my mind. He made me hate Richie, even if I was going to forgive him the next day. But it was thanks to the Losers Club, that I was saved. Thanks to Richie, who saved me from myself…who took my virginity. That had seemed like the only way to save me.

My heart did somersaults as I boarded the plain to Bangor. There was a car waiting for me there, who would take me to the Derry Home, and from there Mike would call me.

I hoped the others would all be there. What if something happened to Stan or Bill? Or even Richie…I couldn't live with myself if that had happened.

3. Nancy Black Takes A Kiss From Trashmouth

Nancy taps her nails absent mindly on the armrest. She wants nothing more than to return home and crawl into her covers. But she made a promise. She would fight It, and kill It. She was afraid. Very afraid. She hopes that Pennywise won't dare hurt her this time. Tears pour down, silently.

"Are you alright, miss?" The teenage girl in the seat next to her is looking at her.
"Oh, yeah…just remembering bad memories." Nancy replies, grabbing her cup of Cola and sinking it.
"If you need to talk to anyone, I'm here to listen." The young woman looks tougher than nails, but her voice is soft.

(she looks just like me...nancy the little punk girl)

"Thank you, but this is really just all confusing." Nancy says and the young woman nods. The both smile awkwardly and the stewardess appears.
"Would you two like anything?" The stewardess asks.
"I'll have another Cola, and maybe something to eat. Whatever's being served." Nancy requests and the stewardess smiles and nods.
"Same as her." The young woman says.

Nancy settles in her seat, Bangor only a few hours away. Her heart was thumping so loudly, she bets that the whole plane could hear it. She takes in a deep breath and lets it out by her nose.
The stewardess appears shortly, with their Colas and two trays of food. On it holds some chicken, potatoes flooded with gravy and some corn. On the side is a bowl of Jell-O with some whip cream on the top.

Flood. That's what started it all. The big storm…
No, that's not it. Yes, yes it was. But what started her story was summer.
Summer…
Summer…

"It's summer break!" Nancy shouted, jumping around and running out of school. Behind her is Richie Trashmouth Tozier. He is smitten by her, because she has so much energy. The way her dark hair shines in

the sun, her voice so soft for a girl who looks like she could kick Henry Bowers' ass, and her clothes, so dark and dreary. She is the complete opposite from what her image portrays.

That is why Richard Tozier loves her. There would be no other explanation.

"Watch it, bitch." Victor Criss shot at her. She rolled her eyes, pushing him away. Richie was surprised that she could stand up to them. They were the biggest bullies in that school.
"I'll get you, you little bitch. Just watch it." Vic continued, but Nancy didn't give a shit. She knew he would chicken out. She always did know, because he always did.
"C'mon Trashmouth, I've got to get home." Nancy said and he nodded. There was no way he could say no.

(*i do love her, more than anything.*)

He pushed his glasses further up his nose and smiled at the girl. She twirled, skipped and jumped down the sidewalk. She was always like that, but even more so around him. He made her heart soar. There was no denying it. She loved him more than anything.
When they reach her house, he hugs her goodbye. In that instant, both their hearts race faster and faster.
"Meet me at the Barrens in an hour, okay?" He asks and she nods. When she gets in, she shows her mother the rank-card.

"Nancy, you got a C in math again!" Her mother exclaimed.
"Mom, don't worry. I passed everything else." Nancy explains, hoping her mom will be happy.
"That's fine…but when September rolls around, your father and I will be tutoring you."

"So, what's for supper? Is it ready? I told Richie I'd meet him in an hour." Nancy rolls sentence after sentence off her tongue.
"Not tonight, missy. You've got guitar lessons. Why don't you invite him for supper?" Joan, her mother, suggests.
"Alright, sounds good." Nancy skips off to the phone in the parlor, so her mother won't hear the conversation.

Quickly she dials the Tozier's number and after the fourth ring,

Maggie answered. She was Richie's mom.

"Ohhh, hello Nancy. How's your mom?" Maggie questioned.
"She's fine. Can I talk to Richie, please?" Nancy practically begged.

Maggie Tozier was good woman, but she asked too many questions. Soon, Richie was on the phone and Nancy's heart raced.

"I can't go out tonight, but my folks were wonderin' if you wanted to eat supper here, tonight…how's about it, cutie?" She asked, hoping he'd say yes.
"You got it, doll face. I'll be over in a few." Richie said. They both exchanged their goodbyes. Nancy glanced at herself in the mirror and realized what a mess she looked. She then rushed to her room, sat at the vanity desk and fixed up her hair. Re-adjusting her powder and eyeliner, she found herself smiling at the reflection. Just then the doorbell rang and she rushed to get it.

Joan was at the door, letting Richie in. The young girl's heart almost burst out of her chest.
"Hey Trashmouth." Nancy greeted, to her mother's horror.
"Nancy Judy Black! That isn't nice!" Joan shrieked, but then started giggling.
"What's going on here?" Robert, Nancy's father, asked. He walked in from the garage and was confused.
"Daddy, Richie's having supper with us tonight." Her cutest grin was plastered on her pale face. Robert couldn't say no, he loved his daughter and would give her the world.

At the supper table, Richie and Nancy couldn't help exchanging glances. The image of Robert and Joan kissing and being so romantic to each other, made it awkward. Little did they know, that in twenty-seven years, they'd be doing the same when reunited. Nancy shoveled a spoonful of potatoes in her mouth and stuck her tongue out at Richie, which made the young boy chuckle in surprise.

"Nancy, mind your manners!"
"Yeah, okay…" Nancy just shrugged. After supper, Robert led the two into the parlor and Nancy played guitar beautifully. Robert had been a blues musician and was teaching his daughter some songs too. Unlike the rest of the Losers' parents, Joan and Robert liked rock n

roll. Nancy often played Little Richard songs or even stuff by Jerry Lee Lewis. The fact that Nancy could play guitar made Richie's stomach get butterflies. He found it much more appealing.

The two sat on the porch, laying on the hemp hammock and watching the stars. They were tangled into each other, Nancy playing with Richie's hair and Richie just looking at the beautiful young girl in front of him.

"Do you believe that there's someone for everyone?" Nancy pondered and Richie smirked at her.
"Why do you ask, doll face?" He almost always called her 'doll face'. He called her that because she had a soft look, kind of like a porcelain doll.
"My parents seem so in love. I wish I knew what it was like…I want to find my someone." She sighed and leaned more into Richie.
"Well, maybe you already have." Richie said, leaning more into her also.

Soon the two kissed quietly and when they let go, Nancy blushed profusely. Richie wrapped his arms around Nancy, as if to claim her, and they both nodded off to sleep.

4. Nancy Black Gets Her Picture Taken

Nancy felt uneasy as the car slid gracefully on the road, only 5 miles from Derry. She was so afraid. She couldn't believe she was going back.
She had only left here when she was 13, he parents moving because they thought she was depressed and this wasn't the right environment for her. The only reason she became depressed, was that she was so afraid of Pennywise coming back.
She had a brief relationship with Richie, until she was 15. Her family moved up north, and she broke it off on good terms. But there was not one day where she didn't think of him.

Alright, that was a lie. She only remembered him last night. But her heart never forgot. She shared her first time with him, which made him the most special man in her life.
Nancy pulled into the Derry Town House parking lot and turned off the engine. She took in a deep breath and almost fainted at the sight.

(*quit being a big baby, nance. you can do this.)*

She fumbled for the car door, opened it and placed a shaky leg on the asphalt. She was wearing three inch black heels, and she was afraid she'd fall over and break her neck. As she stumbled to get up, someone caught her before she fell.
She looked at the man and thanked him.

(*those eyes…i've seen 'em before.)*

"No problem, miss. Need any help with your bags?" His voice seemed so familiar.
"…Ben?" Nancy choked out. The man studied her face, before he nearly dropped her.
"Nancy…" He whispered, kissing her cheek softly.
"Boy, you got thin! Lookin' good, Haystack." Nancy giggled, kissing the man on the mouth.

Ben's heart rate rose incredibly. He didn't understand what was going on. Nancy looked like a beautiful model.
"It's good to see you, Nancy." He said and she nodded, smiling. They

both checked in, heading into their own rooms, stating they'd see each other later.

Nancy jumped up when the telephone rang. It was Mike, he told her to meet her at Jade of the Orient. Everyone was going to be there. She swallowed, very nervous to be seeing Richie and told him she'd be there.
After fixing up her makeup, she locked up her room and headed to the car. Ben was getting in his and they both waved. They both drove on, Ben following her. She still felt as if her heart would leap out of her throat any minute now. One thing was for sure; she couldn't wait to see the others.
But would they accept her? What if they thought she was bitch for not calling all these years?

Ben cut his engine first, meaning he got out first. He rushed to open Nancy's door and she blushed.

"Well, thank you, kind sir." She said in a mock-posh voice.
"Yer welcome, m'lady." Ben joked back. They entered the restaurant, arm in arm. When they spotted Mike, Nancy's heart rate rose. She rushed to hug him, but almost tripped over her own feet. Someone was there to catch her and it wasn't Mike.

Looking up, she saw eyes she had grown to love. Sure, they had changed. No longer behind glasses and full of wonder. Also, full of fear. He lifted her to ground, holding her in place so she wouldn't fall once more.

"…Richie." Was all Nancy could sob out, before throwing herself at him. He wrapped his arms around the woman he once came to love and inhaled her perfume. It smelled like cinnamon and some sort of fruit. For a second, it almost smelled masculine, but it then returned to a sexy feminine smell. Richie felt a swelling sensation below.

(*ohh…richie, harder. i need it harder and faster.)*

She looked at the man she'd missed for so long and kissed him softly on his lips. They embraced lovingly and sweetly. Mike cleared his throat and they jumped apart.
"Richie, Nancy, everyone's waiting…" Mike said patiently. They both

nodded, walking in the room, hand in hand.

Everyone stopped their conversation and looked surprised at Ben, who had entered after the couple, and Richie and Nancy.
Beverly had grown up nicely. She was gorgeous. Bill was slightly balding, but Nancy had read several of his books. He looked so intelligent. Eddie had grown up, but he was yet still clutching his aspirator. Nancy giggled and waved her fingers at everyone.

"Well, everyone. Let's eat." Mike said, leading everyone to the table. Richie pulled out a chair for his girl, and pushed her in as soon as she was settled.
She was between Beverly and Bill. Across from her was Richie. He kept smiling at her.

As everyone ordered, Nancy and Richie felt like a high school couple. He kept winking at her and they played footsies under the table. She giggled every now and then, but no one paid much attention. They couldn't help it. They were in much love as they had been twenty-seven years ago. Beverly had stopped looking at everyone else and finally noticed the couple, staring at each other longingly and lovingly. She wished it would be the same for her and Tom…

Nancy smiled up at Bev and they both burst out giggling. The men in the room were very confused but just shrugged.
"Girl math." Was all that came out of Bev's mouth, and Nancy nodded. The two women were so happy to be reunited; together they had made a bond that no other women could have.

(bev, you're my best friend. no one else is like you. nancy, together we stand, together we fall.)

They had gone through so much together, but when Nancy moved away, it was hard to keep contact. As soon as her and Richie's relationship had ended, she kind of just forgot about Derry and continued on with her life…
Finally, the drinks Mike had ordered arrived and everyone seemed nervous. What to toast to?

"To us." Richie suggested and winked at his woman. Everyone continued on with that, they toasted to themselves, the Losers' club of

1958.
Nancy sighed; this was making her a bit more stressed. Was Pennywise really back? Richie noticed this, and placed his hand on top of hers affectionately. She smiled appreciatively, and he smiled back.

And so they ate, and feasted, and so on… At the end, everyone spoke how they hadn't eaten like this in quite a while, especially Ben; who decided to share his story about he got thin.
After that, Eddie pulled out a Vogue magazine with Nancy on the cover. She blushed darkly, and shook her head.

"How did this happen?" Beverly asked and Nancy blushed even more.
"C'mon baby, tell us." Richie coaxed, hoping to get the story out of her.
"Okay, fine…I'll tell you…it all began in my senior year at high school…remember how hard it was…"

being a teenager, Nancy hadn't had many friends. The young woman was awkward and Gothic, something Richie would have drooled over. She had self-esteem issues and often put herself down. No one wanted to be her friend, and many popular students bullied her on an everyday basis.
She was in the photography committee, although she had joined last minute, they allowed her to be a model. And a good one, she was. One day, a famous fashion magazine editor saw the school's newspaper, and saw the photographs of Nancy. The woman, Grace Mirabella, editor-in-chief of Vogue magazine, asked Nancy to join the team. Since then, Nancy has been modeling…

"You were Gothic?" Richie exclaimed. He felt the swelling sensation below the belt again. He always thought gothic girls were so hot. Nancy always had that look to her, also. But right now, in the light of the restaurant, she looked beautiful. He felt like he wanted to propose to her right then and there.
The waitress, Rose appeared and gave them all their fortune cookies. But Nancy knew something was up; some of them were moving. Hers was not. She cracked it open and found the following message…

I'll get you bitch,

-Bob Gray.

And that's when she fainted.